



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

MUS
572
402

Frost- Blue and Buff - 1881

Mus 572.402

HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY



THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
CLASS OF 1882
OF NEW YORK

1918

MUSIC LIBRARY

B L U E

And

B U F F

OR

THE GREAT

MUDDLEBOROUGH ELECTION.

Comic Opera,

I N O N E A C T,

Written by

E. V. WARD.

Composed by

WILLIAM L. FROST.



ENOCH & SONS,

19, HOLLES STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE,

LONDON, W.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

2. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1.

*with E. V. Ward's
kind regards.*

Can you write the foreword?

BLUE AND BUFF

OR THE

GREAT MUDDLEBOROUGH ELECTION.

Comic Opera

IN ONE ACT,

WRITTEN BY

E. V. WARD,

COMPOSED BY

WILLIAM L. FROST.

LONDON :

ENOCH & SONS, 19, HOLLES ST., CAVENDISH SQUARE.

1881.

Dramatis Personæ.

OVLAY CRABB, Esq. (<i>Mayor of Great Muddleborough</i>).	Baritone.
Sir SNOBLEY SNOOKS (<i>the Tory Candidate</i>) - - -	Tenor.
PILATE PUMP, Esq. { (<i>the Liberal Candidate, formerly</i> <i>M.P. for Great Muddleborough</i>) }	Bass.
TOWN CRIER - - - - -	Bass.
REGISTRAR - - - - -	Baritone.
TORY CANVASSER - - - - -	Tenor.
MISS VINEGA CRABB (<i>the Mayor's Sister</i>) - - -	Soprano.
Mrs. P. PUMP - - - - -	Mezzo Soprano.

*Townspople, Sheriff, Policemen,
 Two little Boys, &c.*

TIME—THE PRESENT.

*All Rights connected with this Opera are in the hands of the
Composer.*

BLUE AND BUFF.

SCENE.—*Great Muddleborough market-place at dawn. Hustings
in centre. Inn R.L.E., with practicable door; sign—"The
Pig and Angel."*

RECIT.—TOWN CRIER (*coming from inn door*).

Rise, sluggard sun, and shine with brightest ray
In honour of our great election day!

AIR—TOWN CRIER (C.), WITH CHORUS.

(*During first stanza, Chorus enters gradually.*)

From mansion and cottage, from hovel and hall,
Come forth, ye electors, come one and come all.
Leave labour or pleasure,—leave physic or beer;—
Greater matters than these claim your presence out here.

CHORUS. For by Royal decree we this day must agree
Who this Borough will choose as its future M.P.

Our worshipful may'r in his best is bedeck't,
That no honour be lacking to him you elect;
Then shall it be said that I call'd you in vain,
When his worship's abroad in his gown, badge, and chain?

CHORUS. For by Royal decree, &c.

The candidates now with much tremor prepare
Their toilets with more than their usual care;—
Then bring forth dead mousers, and mellow eggs too,
To salute them as free-born electors should do.

CHORUS. For by Royal decree, &c.

CHORUS OF ELECTORS.

We come, we come, from square and street,
From lane, and court, and alley,
We haste, we haste, with twinkling feet,
For duty bids us rally.

Nor labour's chain, nor gentle pleasure's thrall,
Can bind us when we hear our country's call!

The soul within our breasts is great,
And knows no motive sordid,
For lo! the list'ning nations wait
To see our votes recorded.

Our dear-bought franchise never shall be sold;
At least—we'll yield for nothing short of gold.

We come prepared for freedom's fight,
 With rotten eggs and pebbles ;
 These cats shall strive for truth and right,
 Though death has stilled their trebles.
 Corruptions in the State these eggs shall quench,
 Although their shells can scarce contain their stench.

We're free ! we're free ! and scorn the guile
 Of agents keen as foxes,
 We take the gifts of each, and smile
 Behind our ballot boxes.
 For, after all, from any risk remote
 According to our consciences we vote !

CHORUS OF LADIES (*looking off left*).

See ! from the yawning portals of the " Old Blue Bell "
 Issues Sir Snobley Snooks—Oh, goodness, what a swell !
 He's drest like Solomon in all his glory ;
 Oh, husbands dear, you really must vote Tory !

Enter SIR SNOBLEY SNOOKS, with CANVASSER, R. I. E.

LADIES. Fair sir, good morning !
 SNOOKS. Ladies, at your feet
 I cast myself with rapture.
 LADIES. Lawks ! how sweet !
 SNOOKS. Oh, citizens, thrice blessed are your fates,
 In such a town to dwell with such sweet mates !
 CANVASSER. Well done, Sir Knight, go on as you began—
 The ladies will support you to a man !

SONG—SNOOKS (C.), WITH CHORUS.

(*Melodramatically taking a baby from one of the Ladies.*)

Sweet scion of a noble race,
 Fair flow'ret from a plant of grace,
 I cannot gaze on thy young face
 Without a thrill of bliss !
 (*aside.*) I do believe the little beast is waking !
 (*aloud.*) An angel's whisper caused that smile—
 Ah me ! ere yet the world defile
 That face so sweet, so free from guile,
 I'll snatch a fragrant kiss !
 (*aside.*) This truly is an awful undertaking !
 CHORUS. The other man they say is very wise—he may be,
 (*sotte voce.*) But we'll vote blue if Snooks should kiss the baby

SNOOKS. Ah, ere those fragrant lips I press,
My conscience bids that I confess
The envy in my bosom—Yes !

Of thee, sweet babe, of thee.

(aside.) It's sure to scream—however shall I stop it?

(*aloud.*) My acres broad, my ancient name,
I'd freely yield, if I might claim
A share in Muddleborough's fame,
A free-born burgess be!

(*aside.*) Hear goes ! (*kisses it*) O Lord ! quick, catch it or I'll drop it.

Faints in Canvasser's arms, is revived with essences.

CHORUS. Hurrah for Snooks, our chosen he'll this day be,
For with his knightly lips he kist—yes, kist the
baby!

CHORUS.

LADIES. Oh, bother their trumpery parties,
What care we for buff or for blue?
We'll choose us a member whose heart is
To gentler emotions aye true.

ALL. So for Snooks let us plump { brothers } all let us plump,
 For his heart it is true, and he bribes like a trump.
 Hurrah!

MEN. What care we for Whigs or for Tories ?
 Oh, bother their blue and their buff—
 Our votes go where treating galore is ;
 "Higher motives" and such are poor stuff.

ALL. So for Snooks let us plump } brothers } all let us plump,
 } husbands }
For his heart it is true, and he bribes like a trump.
Hurrah !

RECIT.—TOWN CRIER (*coming forward*).

Cease, people all, this noise intemperate,
For see ! the Mayor comes in lordly state.

CHORUS AND CRIER.

Hush ! silence ! &c.

Enter THE MAYOR, MISS VINEGA CRABB, SHERIFF,
POLICEMEN, &c., L. 1. E.

PROCESSIONAL MARCH.

MAYOR (c.) Silence, ye hounds, strict silence I'll exact,
Or else I'll quickly read the Riot Act!

SONG.—MAYOR, MISS VINEGA CRABB, TOWN CRIER,
and CHORUS.

MAYOR. I'm the mayor of this borough, if you please —

CHORUS (*deferentially*). If we please!

MAYOR. I can make offenders tremble when I frown,
I wonder you don't fall upon your knees—

CHORUS. On our knees.

MAYOR. When you gaze upon the splendour of my gown.

Ho! ho!

All the little boys shake, and their little hearts quake,
When they hear of my renown.

CHORUS. All the little boys shake, and their little hearts quake,
When they hear of his most terrible renown!

MAYOR. I'm the mayor of this borough, so beware,

CHORUS. Oh, beware!

MAYOR. I will trample on all rioting I vow,
You had better of my mandates have a care—

CHORUS. Have a care!

MAYOR. For I'll order out the troops if there's a row.

Ho! ho!

I've the Riot Act here, and I find it writ clear,
I can shoot you if you cheer. (*retires to hustings*).

CHORUS. Ev'ry man of us quakes at the threats that he makes,
Let's be careful to abstain from any row!

MISS V. C. I'm the much respected sister of the may'r,

CHORUS (*sarcastically*). The grey mare!

MISS V. C. I'm the best and kindest friend he ever had,
Yet much from his unkindness I've to bear,

CHORUS. Oh, the bear!

MISS V. C. Now isn't such ingratitude too bad?

CHORUS. Too bad!

MISS V. C. Oh you wicked, bad man, just deny it if you can,
You would like to drive me mad! (*retires to hustings*)

CHORUS. And our hearts now quake, lest his head she should
break,

For she's manifestly getting jolly mad!

TOWN CRIER. I'm disposed to moralize upon the fact,

CHORUS. 'Tis a fact,

T. C. That ev'n our mighty may'r can know control.
It's almost as improving as a tract—

CHORUS (*observing gestures of Miss V. C.*) He'll be whack't.

T. C. To observe the iron entering his soul,

Ha! ha!

How his mighty will shakes, and his giant heart
quakes,

With his griefs let us condole.

CHORUS. Yes, his mighty will shakes, and his giant heart
quakes,
Honoured mayor, we respectfully condole !

CHORUS (*confidentially*).

(*sotto voce*). He's a terrible man, is the may'r ;
He can frighten us out of our wits,
And it's not ev'ry fellow can scare
Muddleborough's pot-valiant cits ;
In his shop he is quiet enough,
And at home he don't dare e'en to frown,
Yet you see how ferociously gruff
He can be when he gets on his gown.

Oh, were we a Greek tragic chorus,
And not a low-comedy crew,
We would read to this audience before us
A fine moral lesson or two
On the fact that a man as God made him,
In vain our respect may entreat,
But when tailors have rightly arrayed him,
We'll kneel in the dust at his feet.

RECIT.—TOWN CRIER (R. C.)

No longer now, O May'r, we'll need to wait,
For see, here comes the other candidate !

(*looking off L.*)

CHORUS (*even more confidentially*).

Here an excellent notion occurs,
And we hasten to carry it out—
The guineas of Snooks act as spurs
To prick the lean sides of our doubt ;—
When our Mayor is present, all fun
By his mandate draconic is stayed ;
If he thinks we're so easily done,
It's the biggest mistake he e'er made.
Does he think all these odorous missiles
Were gathered together in vain ?
He might try to grow pumpkins on thistles,
With far clearer prospect of gain !
The Radical's coming—we'll greet him
As candidates greeted should be—
We'll hasten hence, forthwith, to meet him,
And—well, you should just come and see !

(*Exeunt all the CHORUS, excepting two little boys, flourishing cats and other missiles, and making gestures significant of the treat in store for the Radical candidate.*)

MAYOR (*excitedly*). Policemen! Sheriffs! Guardians of the Peace!

Haste after them and bid this tumult cease.
Give me the Act, and, while you quell the storm,
I'll here remain and read it in due form.

CANVASSER (L. C.) Methinks, most noble Mayor, it were best
To let them go unchecked on their mad quest,
While we advantage of their absence take
Our public notice of the poll to make.

MAYOR. 'Tis well. The wisdom of the course is clear.
Town Crier! Read the notice out.

THE TWO SMALL BOYS (L. C.) Brayvo! Hear, hear!

MAYOR. A riot, as I live! Advance, police,
Stamp out the tumult ere it be too late;
Commit them for infringement of the peace.

(*Boys are seized by a large posse of police, handcuffed together,
and led away (L.) strongly guarded.*)

Thus the law's majesty we vindicate!
Now for the proclamation.

TOWN CRIER (*adjusting his spectacles, and extracting a very
dirty paper from his pocket*).

Oh yes! oh yes! know all men by this same,
That Peter Gosling's wagon-horse is strayed;
Piebald it is, stone blind and rather lame—

MAYOR (*interrupting*).

Why, bless me! what strange blunder's this you've
made?

That's not the Royal Mandate, I'll go bail.

TOWN CRIER (*scratching his head*).

It don't sound like it, that's a fact (*feels in pocket*),
what's here?

No—that's a summons (*tries again*), that's the
cheap Jack's sale.

MAYOR. If you have lost it, it shall cost you dear;

Tremble, thou traitor, to the state—

TOWN C.

Oh, please, sir,
Just wait a minute (*brings paper out of hat*), p'raps
it's one of these, sir.

Or stay (*feels in boots*), perchance it's here they are—
lor! (*with conviction*)

I've dropt it in the "Pig and Angel" parlour.

I'll fetch it (*makes for the inn door*).

MAYOR, &c.

Stay! you flee not justice thus;
You go not unaccompanied by us.

(MAYOR, &c., make for the inn door with great eagerness.
The TOWN CRIER, who has gone in first, returns almost
immediately.)

TOWN C. 'Tis here.

MAYOR, SHERIFF, &c. Well, never mind, we'll hold it read,
And try the "Pig and Angel" ale instead.

(*Exeunt, chuckling, MAYOR, SHERIFF, &c.—CANVASSER watches SNOOKS from inn door.—SIR S. SNOOKS and MISS VINEGA CRABB remain.—SNOOKS is going off R.*)

MISS V. C. (L. c.) Stay, lovely youth; nay, do not turn away,
Say, have you ever felt love's gentle sway?

CANVASSER (*from inn door, aside to SNOOKS*).

The mayor's sister—pray be civil to her,
It even might be politic to woo her.

(*winks and disappears*).

SNOOKS (*with an effort*). Oh, gentle maiden, who that looks
on thee

Can ever to sweet love a stranger be?

MAYOR (*at inn door, aside, with long clay pipe and quart pot*).

Ha, ha! those words fell sweetly on mine ear!

May fortune send his ardour is sincere!

Perchance he'll wed her—O delicious dream,

I'd be the ruler then I now but seem.

Bootless it were to rule o'er all the earth

And henpecked be at one's domestic hearth.

(*disappears*).

SCENA—SNOOKS & MISS CRABB.

MISS V. C. In learning's thorny ways I long have walked,
Stern Science for my comrade ever chose,
Of Hebrew points instead of Love I've talked,
And smiled on sages grey instead of beaux.
All this till now, O lovely youth, has been,
But now is past and gone—for I have seen
Your gracious form—have felt your glance's fire,
And in my breast,
'Mid strange unrest,
All thoughts now yield to love and chaste desire.

SNOOKS (*aside*). How very tender, tho' so old and tough,
This passion's almost more than I can bear;
But lest she change her azure hose for buff,
I must dissemble—

MISS V. C. (*tenderly*) Say'st thou naught, my fair?

SNOOKS (*with an effort*). Oh fair and learned lady, tho' my
heart

Knows nought of love's delight and love's despair,
Such glances as from those bright eyes do dart,
Swiftly and surely must my heart ensnare.

All other maids in vain may seek to please,
 Tho' some have wisdom—some are wondrous fair,
 But thou alone, O sweet, combinest these ;

With Venus grace
 Of form and face,

Blendest Minerva's wit and queenly air !

(she attempts an embrace, he avoids her).

The crowd comes near, I hear their distant roar,
 Love to ambition must give place once more ;
 Hereafter, sweetest, we'll this theme renew—
 Till then *(melodramatically)* be true—to your own
 Snooks be true !

(aside.) I wish they'd come before she grows too fond.

MISS V. C. A minute yet remains.—Love's gentle bond
 Is signed and sworn to—leaving only this
 To perfect it—let's *(hem)* seal it with a kiss.

SNOOKS. I cannot ! *(goes for him).*

MISS V. C. Nay, just one!—

SNOOKS. They're close at hand.

MISS V. C. What matter ?

SNOOKS *(aside)*. This I really cannot stand.

(aloud). Hands off !

MISS V. C. *(pursuing him)* Nay, be not shy !

SNOOKS *(in desperation)*. Whate'er betide
 This must be ended ! *(aloud)* Prithee, stand aside.
 Keep off ! 'Twas but in jest that I addressed you !
 You sour old spinster, leave me—I detest you !

MISS V. C. False perjured wretch, this conduct you shall rue,
 For injured love finds vengeance very sweet,
 Your lordly pride I'll utterly subdue,
 And bring you yet a suppliant to my feet !

SNOOKS. I scorn your anger—do your very worst.
 Better your hate than with your love be curst,
 Nor help nor mercy from you I'll implore,
 But from this hour,
 Defy your power,

And cast you from my thoughts for evermore !

MISS V. C. Ere yon' town clock shall chime at middle day,
 I'll fill your fickle bosom with dismay,
 And when for mercy you in vain implore,
 You'll curse the hour,
 When falsehood's pow'r
 Transformed my love to hate for evermore !

(Exeunt severally).

* *(The stage is left blank.—Wing forming front of inn is moved aside, and MAYOR, SHERIFF, TOWN CRIER, &c., discovered aside drinking and smoking at table in inn parlour.)*

* If it is desired in performance to dividethe piece, the second act must commence here.

SONG—TOWN CRIER, & CHORUS.

What is man's life but a span?

What is his lot but care?

Each doing all that he can

To heap on his fellow man

More burdens than he can bear.

And the few little pleasures that lighten his lot,

How swiftly gone past and how soon forgot!

CHORUS. And the few, &c.

Love is the bauble of youth,

Glory the bait of our prime,

What are these things in truth

But gilded pills of ruth?

Old age is a man's best time;

For 'tis then when life's pleasures so call'd all fail,

That he finds there's true bliss in tobacco and ale.

CHORUS. For 'tis, &c.

Ale and tobacco, good lack!

Are better than jewels and gold,

For with never a coat to my back,

And my fortunes all fallen in wrack,

They yet will beguile the cold.

While there's many a king with a crown on his head,

Whose heart is as cold as the heart of the dead.

CHORUS. While there's, &c.

Ho! fill up the pewter once more!

Brown ale is far better than wine.

I feel, as libation I pour,

My soul to Olympus could soar,

Immortal it makes me—divine!

There are only two pleasures in life that ne'er fail,

A puff at the pipe and a draught of ale!

CHORUS. There are, &c.

(wing closes.)

Enter L. MR. and MRS. PUMP pursued by the Electors.—MRS.

P. shields him with her umbrella. (R.)

CHORUS. (L.)

You wouldn't bribe us—wouldn't you?

Then prithee tell me why, sir.—

You couldn't do it, couldn't you?

Next time you'd best be wiser!

You can't conceive that we'll believe

This love for moral cleanness;

Our simpler phrase for shabby ways

Is downright, skulking meanness.

(they come forward to front.)

We met him half way down the street,
 We've pelted and we've beat him,
 And now, returned to crown this treat,—
 We're going to unseat him !

THE MAYOR, SHERIFF, CANVASSER, &c., *enter during preceding chorus*, TOWN CRIER *decidedly overpowered by his vocal labours—some with pewter pots and long pipes.—*
 SNOOKS *enters R.*

MAYOR. What ! rioting again ! let this commotion cease,
 Or I'll take stringent measures. Where are the
 police ? *(police whistles heard.)*

CAN. Where they are always when occasion wants them.
 No matter, they grow calm, your presence daunts
 them.

(SNOOKS, PUMP, MAYOR, &c., *take their places on the hustings*).

TOWN C. (C.) Take notice, ye electors, while you've been away,
 We made full proclamation of the poll to-day ;
 Ere noon you'll please produce your candidates,
 Your votes shall then decide their several fates.

FIRST ELECTOR. (R.) Most worshipful, I nominate Sir Snobley
 • Snooks
 As Tory candidate—

CHORUS. Alas, how pale he looks !
 This noise and worry sadly must deject him,
 But ah ! to see him smile when we elect him !

SECOND ELECTOR. (L.) And I request your votes, my worthy
 fellow cits,
 For Pilate Pump, Esquire—behold him where he sits,
 The pride and glory of the Liberal cause.
 And furthermore—

(a dead cat is thrown and knocks him down).

CHORUS. A first class shot that was !

TOWN C. Order in front—remember time is fleeting,—
 The candidates will now address the meeting.

SONG.—SNOOKS *(on hustings, L.)* & CHORUS.

My sire supplied a West End square
 With physic and phlebotomy,
 And reverence great for Church and State
 He very early taught to me.
 To shine among the upper ten
 His pride parental fated me,
 So from a duke the lymph he took
 With which he vaccinated me.

CHORUS. So from a duke the lymph he took
 With which he vaccinated he !

At Eton, where I went anon,
 A store of Latin roots I learned,
 And, better still, the priceless skill
 To shine a viscount's boots I learned.
 Of Lempriere's mythology
 I gained a knowledge critical—
 A lore most fit, you'll all admit,
 To foster powers political.

CHORUS. A lore most fit, we all admit,
 To foster powers political.

At Oxford, where I sojourned next,
 I thought it most advisable
 A taste to gain in dry champagne,
 And other drinks excisable.
 But do not think, I pray, that drink
 I spent my genius wholly on—
 By study stern I strove to learn
 The tactics of Napoleon!

CHORUS. But it was rash to risk his cash
 In studying Napoleon!

One day my sire was called to treat
 The sacred pains of Royalty, (*taking his hat off*)
 A scutcheon grand with blood-red hand
 Repaid his skill and loyalty.
 The gout his dying moments soothed
 With thoughts of its gentility—
 He soared on high—and here stand I—
 Heir to his proud nobility!

CHORUS. To die of gout, beyond a doubt,
 Was proof of true nobility!

So now my principles are these—
 Democracy's a hollow tale!
 By right divine we rule who dine
 Each evening in a swallow-tail!!
 The man who dines at luncheon-time
 A despicable cad I call!!!
 Thus every Rad I call a cad,
 And every cad a Radical!!!!

CHORUS. And let me add I'm not a cad,
 So cannot be a Radical.

RECIT.—TOWN CRIER (c.)

Now, citizens, before your man you choose,
 P. Pump, Esquire, will briefly state his views.

SONG.—PILATE PUMP (*on hustings, &c.*)

My name is Pilate Pump,
 A radical most thorough;
 So just the proper man
 To represent this borough.
 As soon as I began
 To study things political,
 I quickly saw the law
 Was in a state so critical,
 That nought could save it from in ruin falling,
 But radical and total overhauling.

I've studied heav'n and earth,
 The seas that are thereunder;
 And find the whole concern
 Is one gigantic blunder.
 I find we must unlearn
 All that they've taught us hitherto;
 And it is clear, I fear,
 Our creeds must quickly wither too;
 Religions, morals, monarchs, priests, and judges,
 Will soon be set aside as useless fudges.

Mankind shall then arise
 All free from galling fetter;
 Each good as all the rest,
 And sometimes rather better.
 If thus you would be blest,
 Make me your representative;
 You can't choose better—yet,
 You're welcome to repent it if
 Within the next ten thousand million ages
 My party don't perform what it engages.

RECIT.—MAYOR.

Well, citizens, the candidates have spoken,
 Each of his principles has well explained the germ;
 I'll now exact a solemn oath in token
 Of strict good faith—now, sirs.

SNOOKS (*taking off his hat.*) I swear!

P. PUMP (*placing hand on his heart.*) And I affirm!!!

CHORUS (*with great indignation.*)

Oh, horror, rage, despair!
 The wretch declines to swear!
 And stands revealed, an atheist at the core.
 His politics are vile—
 As vulgar as his style,
 But that we could forgive him if he swore!

But this last straw must crack
The patient camel's back ;
Hence, wretch ! and let us see your face no more !

Before this came to pass,
We knew him for an ass,
And more than half suspected him a knave ;
But voters such as we—
Enlightened pure and free—
Such trifling points as these will always waive ;
For if there were a rule
Excluding knave and fool,
The " House " would be as silent as the grave !

Hurrah for Snooks, M.P.,
Our member he shall be ;
For, though a spoon, he's titled, and he's rich,
And knows the golden arts
Which captivate our hearts,
And manages our spouses to bewitch.
Oh, Pilate Pump, avaunt !
Get hence,—unless you want
Your sooty conscience washed in yonder ditch !

(pointing off R.)

(They go to seize him, the MAYOR intervenes.)

MAYOR. Hands off, ye knaves ! The law's parental care
To ev'n the lowest wretch is not denied ;
Vile reptiles such as this she bids you spare,
And I'm the British law personified !
(This reflection swells him up to thrice his normal size.)

CHORUS:

'Tis well and wisely said—we will perforce refrain,
And wither him instead with looks of deep disdain !
(They proceed to wither him.)

SONG.—Mrs. PUMP *(on hustings at PUMP's right hand)*.

Oh, hapless man, tho' all mankind
Pursue thee now with scorn and hate ;
In this true heart thou still may'st find
A refuge from the darts of fate.
When high ambitions thrall'd thy soul,
To love thou gav'st but little heed ;
But now, defeated of thy goal,
Its gentle comforts thou wilt need.
My warrior wounded in the fight !
With love I'll charm thee well again ;
I have no heed for wrong or right,
I only know thou art in pain.

This changeless law love taught my heart
 When first I yielded it to thee,
 That, whether right or wrong, thou art
 For ever in the right for me!

MAYOR. Now, let's do things in order, if you please.
 Who votes for Pump?

TOWN C. Hands up! (*none held up.*)

CANVASSEER. Your worship sees

They are unanimous.

MAYOR. Now, once again,—
 Hands up for Snooks. (*all held up.*)

CHORUS. He's chosen, that is plain!

Enter, melodramatically, Miss VINEGA CRABB.

Miss V. C. (c.) Stay! not so fast; till noon is past,
 The law enjoins that you must wait!

T. C. (E. c.) Exactly so, but then you know
 There is no other candidate.

MAYOR. If one appear, my sister dear,
 It puts our action on the shelf.

Miss V. C. If that be so, I'd have you know
 That I'll contest the seat myself!

CHORUS. Ha! ha! that jest was of the best;
 She says she'll fight the seat herself!

SNOOKS (*aside*). Alas! I see my perfidy
 Is bringing now its punishment.

MAYOR (*timorously*). But then, my pet, you cannot get
 Into the House if you are sent;
 They don't permit your sex to sit
 As members in St. Stephen's fane.

Miss V. C. Then for that right I now shall fight,
 And strive until the point I gain!

CHORUS. 'Twas bravely said, O learned maid,
 But such a strife would be in vain!
 (*Shake their heads.*)

Miss V. C. Not so, not so; full well you know,
 A patient woman conquers all.
 The time draws nigh when such as I
 Shall make the gates of custom fall.
 The glory be to you and me,
 Of having first for this combined,
 And after years, with grateful tears,
 Shall bless your boon to all mankind.

CHORUS. That's very well, but can you tell
 What profit in this course *we'd* find?

Miss V. C.—Attend!—

SONG.—Miss VINEGA CRABB.

When mother Eve did first deceive
 Her lord and master, Adam,
 She shadowed forth the higher worth
 Of woman, maid, or madam.
 The sage may prate of ruling fate,
 That to and fro compels him,
 He only means, if you translate,
 He does what woman tells him.

For many a thousand years till now,
 Brute force has been ascendant ;
 From slut to queen our sex has been
 Man's slavish, weak dependant.
 And all the time have sin and crime
 Disfigured all things human ;
 But now from all this moral slime
 They'll soon be cleansed by woman !

For man's own sake our chains we'll break,—
 The wedge is placed already ;
 The time has come to drive it home,
 With blows both strong and steady.
 Intent we are on bench and bar,
 On lay and cleric rostrums ;
 As statesmen, we'd kill men by war—
 As doctors, with our nostrums.

* But no ; when sent to Parliament,
 The dogs of war we'll muzzle,
 Set strife at rest, north, south, and west,
 And solve the Eastern puzzle.
 The Irish plight we'll soon set right,
 Tho' Foster so afraid is ;
 Ban landlords and potato blight,
 And substitute landladies.

No grievous tax shall bend your backs ;
 And in our mundane heaven,
 Four hours you'll labour to a day,
 Upon three days in seven.
 If I am sent to Parliament,
 All these things shortly may be ;
 And men—well, they must be content
 To stay and nurse the baby.

* MEM. FOR THE GUIDANCE OF A DISTANT POSTERITY.—When the Eastern difficulty and the Irish question have been settled, this stanza can be omitted and another topical verse substituted.

ENSEMBLE.

- CHORUS. Bravo! hear, hear! it's very clear,
In choosing Snooks we greatly err'd,
Miss Crabb, we see, as our M.P.
Is very much to be preferred.
- MAYOR (to SHERIFF and SNOOKS).
What shall I do with this mad crew?
To check them I am half afraid.
- CHORUS. 'Tis fortunate it's not too late
To mend the blunder that we made;
Sir Snooks, pray stump away with Pump—
We'll pelt you both if disobey'd.
- SNOOKS. My friends, I pray you yet awhile refrain,
While I the folly of this act explain.
- CHORUS. Peace, lordling! would you dare attempt to sit on
The perfect wisdom of the free-born Briton!
- SNOOKS. Alas, alack! I see upon these minnies
I've spent in vain my graces and my guineas.
- (turns to PUMP). Misfortune melts one's heart e'en to a vandal,
Give me your hand, old Pump—I mean your handle!
(*they shake hands impressively.*)
- CHORUS. Three cheers, nay three times three, and yet another,
For Crabb, our member—Reformation's mother—
Or stay, as spinster she'll prefer to vaunt
The name of Reformation's maiden aunt!
Hurrah!

ENSEMBLE.

- MAYOR (*with great energy*).
A thought has struck me, worthy friends.
- CHORUS. Impossible! That *cannot* be!
- MAYOR. Yes, one that very surely tends
From all this mess to set us free.
- CHORUS. As you're the mayor, we must hear
Whatever you may choose to say;
But firmly we to this adhere:
Your sister has our votes to-day.
- MAYOR. Quite so—but still I would exhort
Your mighty judgments to reflect;
'Tis skill that steers the ship to port,
Brute force steams on and soon is wreck'd.
Now, Parliament's a fearsome rock,
Against it should our bark be sent;
Our foes might soon have cause to mock
The shipwreck of disfranchisement.
And we, alas, would then in vain deplore } *Chorus*
Our golden votes thus lost for evermore! } *repeats.*

CHORUS.

Who'd have guessed the old man so sagacious ?
 He puts matters in quite a new light ;
 To be robbed of our votes—O, good gracious—
 'Twould be truly a terrible plight!

We have promised to vote for his sister,
 But now by dark fears we are racked,
 For the loss of our votes is a twister—
 We must pause and reflect ere we act.

Both taxes and work to abolish
 She'll try if we choose her to-day,
 But if thus we our votes should demolish,
 And the price that they fetch—it won't pay.

A sparrow in hand is worth many
 Fat geese that are still on the wing ;
 Better far is a realized penny
 Than millions the future *may* bring.

INVOCATION—MAYOR.

They pause—I've touched them in a tender place,
(*slaps his pocket*)
 I now, methinks, may hope to gain my case ;
(*takes his hat off*)
 O, gentle goddess of deceit, give ear,
 No common sugar-sanding job is here ;
 Do now thy best for thy old servant's sake,
 For I've two mighty interests at stake :
 To save a thumping cheque that's pledged to me
 If Snooks to-day's elected our M.P. ;
 And better yet—Oh, prithee, aid in *this*—
 Get rid of Vinega and henceforth live in bliss !
 (*Mayor poses like a statue at front of hustings, and gazes upwards.*)

CHORUS (*kneeling*).

Oh, sapient mayor, speak, advise us what to do,
 We'll follow your advice if it should suit us ;
 We look for guidance in this scrape to you,
 (*during this line the MAYOR gradually looks down, and seeing them on their knees gives a wink of satisfaction.*)
 Who on the horns of this dilemma put us. (*they rise*)

SONG.—MAYOR AND CHORUS.

MAYOR. As the mayor of this borough, I'd officially advise
That this most vexatious matter you should try to
compromise!
To decide between my sister and Sir Snobley
Snooks I'm loath,
So I've come to the conclusion that you'd better
choose them both.

CHORUS. That advice were very good, sir, if it happened that
we could, sir;
But remember that our franchise will not furnish
seats for both.

MAYOR. If you'll only listen patiently to what I've got to say,
I will prove to you it can be done, and eke point
out the way:
If a man and woman marry, they are changed from
two to one;—
Let Sir Snobley wed Miss Vinega, and, hey! the
trick is done.

CHORUS. That advice is very good, sir, but you'll pray not
think it rude, sir,
Should we ask you if the parties will agree to have
it done?

MAYOR. I'd my eye upon the parties only half an hour ago,
When they seemed to be beside themselves, and
Snooks he went on so,
That unless he means to marry her, 'twill be my
painful lot,
As her brother, when the poll is closed, to give him
something hot. (*looks fiercely at SNOOKS.*)

CHORUS. For your learned sister's sake, sir, we will gladly
undertake, sir,
If a gay deceiver Snooks should prove, to give it him
right hot. (*they make threatening gestures.*)

MAYOR. To get anything in male attire, Miss C. would be
content,
And Sir Snobley by his silence to the match has
giv'n consent,
So elect him as your member, and account your
may'r a fool
If he don't at once quit Tory views and represent
Home Rule!

CHORUS. At the wisdom you display, sir, we are lost in great
amaze, sir,
And our votes shall be recorded for the Snookses
and Home Rule. (*SNOOKS comes down from
hustings and tries to expostulate.*)

CHORUS (*interrupting*).

The scheme is wise—it shall be done,
 No talking shall prevent us;
 These two shall straight be changed to one,
 And so shall represent us.
 A membership we thus obtain,
 Quite free from all reproaches;
 And now, to wed the worthy twain, (*looking off L.*)
 Our registrar approaches.

Enter the REGISTRAR with register, &c. He bustles about while the CHORUS continues.

SNOOKS (R. C.) Alas, alas, good people, hear!

MAYOR (C.) He wants to thank us—hear him.

CHORUS. For speeches, noon is far too near;—

We've barely time to cheer him.

The zenith reached, Sol halts his steeds

To rest them after climbing;

Now, Registrar, much haste there needs,

For twelve will soon be chiming.

REGISTRAR (C.) Bear witness, citizens, that now

Miss Vinega is signing.

CHORUS. We do, and mark with pleasure how

She yields without repining.

REGISTRAR. And now, Sir Snobley, if you please.

SNOOKS (R. C.) I won't, sir, pray excuse me!

REGISTRAR. No marriage! then I lose my fees!

VIN. C. (L. C.) You hear the wretch refuse me!

CHORUS. Unless Sir Snobley signs that page,

Our duty lies before us,

Such perfidy must foster rage

In any righteous chorus.

(*They make threatening demonstrations.—He takes the pen and hesitates.*)

And choral rage is apt to lead

To massacre and murder;

(*they brandish knives tragically.—He signs*).

But since Sir Snobley signs the deed

We'll threaten him no further. (*they subside*).

(MAYOR, PUMP, SHERIFF, &c., come down from hustings and sign marriage register.)

REGISTRAR. Bear witness all, the nuptials are complete!

And duly signed and witnessed in my books.

Now one and all a cheer upraise to greet

Sir Snobley and the new-fledged Lady Snooks!

CHORUS.

Yes, a cheer let us give for the newly-made bride,
 And three for the bridegroom, our worthy M.P.
 Our borough regards her great wisdom with pride,
 And none's half so worthy to have her as he.
 So win her and wear her, oh happy young Snooks,
 And you'll find her a treasure in spite of her looks!

We admit she's not handsome—in fact she is plain,
 But mere beauty's skin-deep, while true wisdom is
 thorough,
 And so, tho' he may not agree, we maintain
 She's a suitable bride for the choice of our borough.
 So win her and wear her, oh happy young Snooks,
 And you'll find her a treasure in spite of her looks.
 Hurrah, &c.

RECIT.—TOWN CRIER (C.)

Bear witness from the zenith, radiant sun,
 Our notable election now is done.
 Our noble mayor finds, without dissent,
 The show of hands sends Snooks to Parliament.
(Clock strikes twelve.)

FINALE.—OCTETTE AND CHORUS.

CHORUS. So now the election is ended,
 Let's homeward again turn our feet,
 VIN. C. (L. C.) What is done, love, can never be mended,
 So smile on me, Snobley, my sweet!
(makes advances—he repels her).
 SNOOKS (L.) A truce to this billing and cooing,
 Remember we're not *tête-à-tête*;
 O ye who to boroughs come wooing,
 I prithee be warned by my fate.
 Remember this simple direction,
 It's perfectly safe, if you care
 By *foul* means to gain an election,
 But always fight shy of the *fair*.

MAYOR (C.) I am ready to go crazy with delight,
 For I'm free as are the sparrows overhead ;
 I'm so happy that I'd answer "yes" outright,
 If some pretty maiden tempted me to wed.

CHORUS. Oh, ho.

TOWN C. & REGISTRAR. } We observe our May'r's but human after all,
 Though the fact is one his wisdom made us doubt;
 He has only just escaped one woman's thrall,
 Yet already for new chains he's looking out.

CHORUS. Ah, ah, ho, ho, hum, hum.

REGISTRAR } If a wife he should take, then her bonds he can't
 & TOWN C. } break,

That's a fact beyond the shadow of a doubt.

CHORUS. If a wife, &c.

PUMP (B.) This day proves what I've often contended,
 Mankind is so utterly base ;
 That his nature's beyond being mended,
 A wholly incurable case.
 All sordid low passions defile it,
 With all that is foul it is rife.

Mrs. P. (R. C.) Ah, surely there's one pure thing, Pilate ?
 The love of a tender true wife.

OCTETTE.

MISS CRABB, MAYOR, and CRIER, SIR SNOBLEY SNOOKS,
 MRS. PUMP, CANVASSER, REGISTRAR and PUMP.

Kind friends, our small jest is now over,
 Hard work we have found this same jest ;
 If it pleases you, we are in clover,
 If not—well, we've all done our best.
 "Life's a jest," on his tomb wrote the poet,*
 Yet jests may hide truths very pat ;
 And, if ours is a bad jest, you know it
 Is truer to nature for that.

CHORUS.

Just keep them reflections for Sunday,
 You don't give the parsons a chance ;
 At least we'll be jolly for one day,
 Now what do you say to a dance ?
 Our May'r, though now long past youth's hey day,
 Shall merrily lead off the ball ;
 Sir Snobley shall dance with "my lady,"
 Come, foot it so merrily all ! (they dance.)

* See Gay's tomb in Westminster Abbey.

WALTZ.

CHORUS. Dance, drink, laugh to-day,
Hence care and sorrow !
Dance, laugh while you may,
Tears come to-morrow.
Laugh, dance, merrily sing,
Fill the air with gladness ;
Shout till heaven shall ring,
Frighten away care and sadness.
Dance, drink, laugh to-day, &c.

GALOP.

CHORUS. The sun to the west is advancing,
Already 'tis close upon one !
We can't waste more time upon dancing,
With things more important undone.
There's drinking, and laughing, and loving,
Snook's guineas shall pay for the fun ;
So hence we will need to be moving ;
Farewell,—our election is done.
Farewell, &c.

CHORUS.

MAYOR.

TOWN CRIER.

REGISTRAR.

CHORUS.

MRS. PUMP.

MISS CRABB.

PUMP.

SNOOKS.

CURTAIN.

The Composer has scored this Opera for seventeen instruments.

All communications respecting representations, hire of band parts, chorus parts (lithographed), pianoforte and vocal score, &c, &c., may be addressed to care of Messrs. Enoch & Sons.

Mus 572 .402

Blue and buff, or The great Muddleb

Loeb Music Library

AKN7338



3 2044 040 498 305

